

THE
MARRIAGE
OF

HEAVEN

(and)

HELL

by
William Blake



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OF
HEAVEN AND HELL

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By
WILLIAM BLAKE



REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE

*from an original copy of the work
printed and illuminated by the author
between the years 1825-1827 and now
in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge*

With a Note by
MAX PLOWMAN



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The Argument.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

Once meek, and in a perilous path,
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death.
Roses are planted where thorns grow,
And on the barren heath
Sing the honey bees.

Then the perilous path was planted:
And a river, and a spring
On every cliff and tomb:
And on the bleached bones
And clay brought forth.

Till the villain left the paths of ease,
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes.

Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility,
And the just man roges in the wilds
Where lions roam.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the
burdend air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.



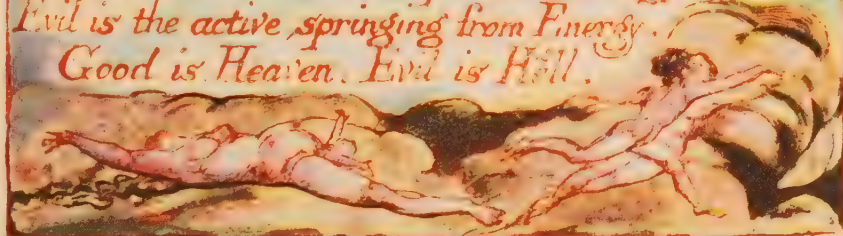


As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent: the Eternal Hell revives. And lo! Swedenborg is the Angel sitting at the tomb: his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, & the return of Adam into Paradise; see Isaiah XXXVI & XXXV Chap:

Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active, springing from Energy.

Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.



The voice of the
Devil

All Bibles or sacred codes, have been
the causes of the following Errors. And

1. That Man has two real existing principles Viz: a Body & a Soul.
2. That Energy, called Evil, is alone from the Body, & that Reason, called Good, is alone from the Soul.
3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following Contraries to these are true.

1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this life.
2. Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is the bound or outward circumstance of Energy.
3. Energy is Eternal Delight.





Those who restrain desire, do so because their
 is weak enough to be restrained; and the restraint
 reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.
 And being restrained it by degrees becomes passive
 till it is only the shadow of desire.

The history of this is written in Paradise Lost, & the
 Governor of Reason is call'd Melusich.

And the original Archangel, or protector of the com-
 mand of the heavenly host is call'd the Devil or Satan
 and his children are call'd Sin & Death.

But in the Book of Job Miltons Melusich is call'd
 Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties.
 It indeed appear'd to Reason as if Desire was
 cast out, but the Devils account is, that the Melu-

6
Ah sell. & formed a heaven of what he stole from the
Abyss.

This is shown in the Gospel, where he prays to the
Father to send the comforter or Desire that Reason
may have. Was to build on, the Jehovah of the Bible
being no other than he, who dwells in flaming fire.
Yea, that after Christs death, he became Jehovah.

But in Milton; the Father is Destiny, the Son, a
Ratio of the five senses, & the Holy-ghost, V. *Verum*!

etc. The reason Milton wrote in fetters when
he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of
Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and
of the Devils party without knowing it.

Memorable Fancy.

As I was walking among the fires of hell, de-
lightful with the enjoyments of Genius; which to An-
gels look like torment and insanity. I collected some
of their Proverbs: thinking that as the sayings used
in a nation, mark its character, so the Proverbs of
Hell, show the nature of Infernal wisdom better
than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home, on the abyss of the five sen-
sues, where a flat sated steep frowns over the pre-
scent world. I saw a mighty Devil folded in black
clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock, with cor-

rolling fire he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, & read by them on earth.
 How do you know but every Bird that cuts the airy way,
 Is an immense world of delight, closed by your senses five?

Proverbs of Hell

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.
 Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.
 The road of exalts leads to the palace of wisdom.
 Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.
 He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.
 The cut worm forgives the plow.
 Dip him in the river who loves water.
 A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
 He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.
 Eternity is in love with the productions of time.
 The busy bee has no time for sorrow.
 The hours of folly are measured by the clock, but of wisdom: no clock can measure.
 All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.
 Bring out number weight & measure in a year of death.
 No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.
 A dead body reverges not injuries.
 The most sublime act is to set another before you.
 If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.
 Folly is the cloak of knavery.
 Shame is Prides cloak.

Honors of Hell
 Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with
 bricks of Religion.
 The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
 The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
 The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
 The nakedness of woman is the work of God.
 Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.
 The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging
 of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are
 portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.
 The fox condemns the trap, not himself.
 Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.
 Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of
 the sheep.
 The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.
 The selfish smiling fool, & the sullen frowning fool, shall
 be both thought wise, that they may be a rod.
 What is now proved was once, only imagined.
 The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit; watch the roosts,
 the lion, the tyger, the horse, the elephant; watch
 the fruits.
 The cistern contains; the fountain overflows.
 One thought, fills immensity.
 Always be ready to speak your mind, and a horse man
 will avoid you.
 Every thing possible to be believed is an image of truth.
 The eagle never lost so much time, as when he submit-
 ted to learn of the crow.

Proverbs of Hell

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.
Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening,
Sleep in the night.

He who has suffered you to impose on him, knows you.
As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of in-
Expect person from the standing water. (caution)

You never know what is enough unless you know what is
more than enough.

Listen to the fool's reproach! it is a kindly title!

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of wa-
ter, the beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow.

nor the lion the horse how he shall take his prey.

The thankful reciever bears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish, we should be so.

The soul of sweet delight, can never be defiled,

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Ge-
daius, lift up thy head!

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay
her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on
the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Damn braces: Bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.

Prayers plow not. Praises reap not!

Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

Proverbs of Hell.

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty,
the hands & feet Proportion.

As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt
to the contemptible.

The crow wish'd every thing was black, the owl, that eve-
ry thing was white.

Exuberance is Beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox, he would be cunning.
Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads
without Improvement, are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unact-
ed desires.

Where man is not nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and
not be believ'd.

Enough! or Too much.





The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could perceive.

And particularly they studied the genius of each city & country, placing it under its mental deity.

Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of & enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects; thus began Priesthood.

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.

And at length they pronounced that the Gods had order'd such things.

Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.



A Memorable Fancy.

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert, that God spake to them; and whether they did not think at the time, that they would be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition?

Isaiah answerd. I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discoverd the infinite in every thing, and as I was then perswaded, & remain confirmd; that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences but wrote.

Then I asked: does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?

He replied. All poets believe that it does, & in ages of imagination this firm perswasion removed mountains: but many are not capable of a firm perswasion of any thing.

Then Ezekiel said. The philosophy of the east taught the first principles of human perception. Some nations held one principle for the origin, & some another, we of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests & Philosophers of other countries, and prophesying that all Gods would

would at last be proved to originate in ours & to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius, it was this, that our great poet King David desired so fervently & invoked so pathetically, saying by this he conquers enemies & governs kingdoms; and we so loved our God, that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled; from these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the jews.

This said he, like all firm persuasions, is come to pass, for all nations believe the jews code and worship the jews god, and what greater subjection can be. I heard this with some wonder, & must confess my own conviction. After dinner I asked Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works, he said none of equal value was lost, Ezekiel said the same of his.

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and barefoot three years? he answered, the same that made our friend Diogenes the Cynic.

I then asked Ezekiel, why he eat dung, & lay so long on his right & left side? he answered, the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite this the North American tribes practise, & is he honest who reflects his genius or conscience, only for the sake of present ease or gratification?



The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell.

For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed, and appear infinite, and Holy whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.

This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.

But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul, is to be expunged; this I shall do, by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.

If the doors of perception were cleansed, every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.

For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.

A Memorable Journey

I was in a Painting house in Hell & saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a Dragon Man, clearing away the rubbish from a caves mouth; within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave.

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the cave, and others adorning it with gold silver and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of air, he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite around were numbers of Eagle like men, who built palaces in the immense clouds.

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire raging around & melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were Whirled forms, which cast the metals into the space.

There they were received by Men who occupied the sixth chamber and took the forms of books & were arranged in libraries.





The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence and now seem to live in it in chains are in truth, the causes of its life & the sources of all activity, but the chains are, the cunning of weak and tame minds, which have power to resist energy, according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in cunning. Thus one portion of being, is the Prolific, the other, the Devouring; to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific & unless the Devourer as a sea relieved the excess of his delights.

Some will say, Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer, God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men.

These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should be enemies; whoever tries

to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.

Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.

Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to separate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says I came not to send Peace but a Sword.

Melchiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Enemies.

A Memorable Fancy

An Angel came to me and said O pitiable foolish young man! O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art going in such career.

I said, perhaps you will be willing to show me my eternal lot & we will contemplate together upon it and see whether your lot or mine is most desirable

So he took me thro' a stable & thro' a church & down into the church vault at the end of which was a mill; thro' the mill we went, and came to a cave. down the winding cavern we groped our tedious way till a void boundless as a nether sky appeared beneath us & we held by the roots of trees and hung over this immensity, but I said, if you please we will commit ourselves to this void and see whether providence is here also, if you will not I will? but he answered, do not presume O young man but as we here remain behold thy lot which will soon appear when the darkness pulses away

So I remained with him sitting in the twisted root

root of an oak. he was suspended in a fungus
which hung with the head downward into the deep;

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery
as the smoke of a burning city; beneath us at an
immense distance was the sun, black but shining
round it were fiery tracks on which revolved vast
spiders, crawling after their prey; which flew or
rather swam in the infinite deep, in the most ter-
rific shapes of animals springing from corruption.
& the air was full of them, & seemd composed
of them; these are Devils. and are called Powers
of the air, I now asked my companion which was my
eternal lot? he said, between the black & white spiders

But now, from between the black & white spiders
a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro the deep
blackning all beneath, so that the nether deep grew
black as a sea & rolled with a terrible noise: be-
neath us was nothing now to be seen but a black
tempest, till looking east between the clouds & the
waves, we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire
and not many stones throw from us appeared and
sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent
at last to the east, distant about three degrees ap-
peared a fiery crest above the waves, slowly it rear-
ed like a ridge of golden rocks till we discovered
two globes of crimson fire, from which the sea
fled away in clouds of smoke, and now we saw, it
was the head of Leviathan, his forehead was di-
vided into streaks of green & purple like those on
a tygers forehead: soon we saw his mouth & red
gills hang just above the raging foam tinging the
black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward
us

us with all the fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill; I remain'd alone, & then thier appearance was no more, but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moon light hearing a harper who sung to the harp, for his theme was, The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds reptiles of the mind.

But I arose, and sought for the mill, & there I found my Angel, who surprised asked me how I escaped.

I answerd, All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics; for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper. But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I show you yours? he laugh'd at my proposal; but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew with him thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earths shadows then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborgs volumes sunk from the glorious cline, and pass'd all the planets till we came to saturn, here I staid to rest & then leapt into the void, between saturn & the fixed stars.

Here said It is your lot, in this space, if space it may be call'd. Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took him to the altar and open'd the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which I descended driving the Angel before me, soon we saw seven houses of brick, one we enter'd; in it were a

number of monkeys, baboons, & all of that species
 chained by the middle, grinning and snatching at
 one another but withheld by the shortness of their
 chains: however I saw that they sometimes grew ac-
 quiescent, and then the weak were caught by the strong
 and with a grinning aspect first coupled with & then
 devoured, by plucking off first one limb and then ano-
 ther till the body was left a helpless trunk this after
 grinning & kissing it with seeming kindness they de-
 voured too; and here & there I saw one ravenously pic-
 king the flesh off of his own tail; as the stench ter-
 ribly annoyed us both we went into the mill, & I in
 my hand brought the skeleton of a baboon, which in
 the mill was Aristotle's Analytics. *A. B. V.*

So the Angel said: thy phantasy has imposed
 upon me & thou oughtest to be ashamed.

I answered: we impose on one another. & it is
 but lost time to converse with you whose words
 are only Analytics.





I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning;

Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new: tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books

A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conceiv'd himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg; he shews the folly of churches & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious, & himself the single one

one on earth that ever broke a net.

Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new truth: Now hear another: he has written all the old falshoods.

And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are all religious, & conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions.

Thus Swedenborgs writings are a recapitulation of all superficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime, but no further.

Have now another plain fact: Any man of mechanical talents may from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborgs, and from those of Dante or Shakespear, an infinite number.

But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine.

Memorable fancy

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire, who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud, and the Devil uttered these words.

The worship of God is: Honouring his gifts in other men each according to his genius, and loving the Great

greatest men best, those who envy or calumniate
great men hate God. for there is no other God.

The Angel hearing this became almost blue
but mastering himself he grew yellow, & at last
white pink & smiling. and then replied.

Thou Idolater, is not God One? & is not he
visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ
given his sanction to the law of ten commandments
and are not all other men fools. sinners & nothing?

The Devil answered: bray a fool in a mortar with
wheat yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him.
if Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to
love him in the greatest degree; now hear how he
has given his sanction to the law of ten command-
ments: did he not mock at the sabbath, and so
mock the sabbaths God? murder those who were
murderd because of him? turn away the law from
the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of
others to support him? bear false witness when
he omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet
when he prayd for his disciples, and when he bid
them shake off the dust of their feet against such
as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue
can exist without breaking these ten command-
ments: Jesus was all virtue, and acted from im-
pulse

pulse, not from rules.

When he had so spoken: I beheld the Angel who stretched out his arms embracing the dame of fire & he was consumed and arose as Elijah.

This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend: we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense which the world shall have if they behave well.

I have also, The Bible of Hell: which the world shall have whether they will or no.



One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression

A Song of Liberty

1. The Eternal Female groaned! it was heard over all the Earth;

2. Albion's coast is sick silent; the American meadows faint;

3. Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers and mutter across the ocean; France rend down thy dungeon;

4. Golden Spain burst the barriers of old Rome;

5. Cast thy keys O Rome into the deep down falling, even to eternity down falling,

6. And weep

7. In her trembling hands she took the new born terror howling;

8. On those infinite mountains of light now barr'd out by the atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king!

9. Flag'd with grey brow'd snows and thunderous visages the jealous wings wav'd over the deep.

10. The speary hand burn'd aloft, unbuckled was the shield, forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and

hurl'd the new born wonder thro' the starry
night.

11. The fire, the fire, is falling!

12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London
enlarge thy countenance; O Jew, leave cov-
ing gold, return to thy oil and wine; O
African! black African! (go, winged thou)
under his forehead.)

13. The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot
like the sinking sun into the western sea.

14. Waked from his eternal sleep, the hoary
element scaring fled away:

15. Down rushed beating his wings in vain
he jealous king; his grey brow'd council,
his, thunderous warriors, curld veterans,
among helms and shields, and chariots
horses, elephants; banners, castles, slings
and rocks.

16. Falling, rustling, raring! buried in
the ruins, on Uthens' dens.

17. All night beneath the ruins, then
their sullen flames luted emerge round
the gloomy king.

18. With thunder and fire: leading his
starry hosts thro' the waste wilderness

he promulgates his ten commands,
glancing his heavy eyelids over the
deep in dark dismay,  

19. Where the son of fire in his eastern
cloud, while the morning plumes her gol-
den breast.  

20. Spurning the clouds written with
curses. stamps the story law to dust,
loosing the eternal horses from the dens
of night. crying Empire is no more!
and now the lion & wolf shall
cease.  

Chorus

Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn.
no longer in deadly black. with hoarse note
curse the sons of joy. Nor his accepted
brethren whom tyrant. he calls free: lay the
bound or build the roof. Nor pale religious
letchery call that virginity. that wishes
but acts not!  

For every thing that lives is Holy

A NOTE ON
WILLIAM BLAKE'S
“MARRIAGE
OF
HEAVEN AND HELL”
BY
MAX PLOWMAN

IN all great ages, the freedom of the human spirit in the face of destiny engages the thoughts of men. It was the theme of the Greek dramatists, of the Renaissance, of Shakespeare: indeed, it is the eternal apex of human thought. Whenever the tide of life rises and those manifestations of human energy appear which are recognised as great works of art, we always find that the mainspring of their achievement is the effort of the human mind to think clearly on the subject of Free-will and Destiny.

In the intervening periods, men do not think profoundly upon this fundamental problem, but accept the dicta of their forbears and mould their ideas of the use and purpose of human life into conformity with what they consider to be established canons. In such periods the circle of human thought contracts, Destiny becomes fixed, morality takes the place of religious belief, the rigidity of ideas about life expresses itself in the form of law; and this hardening process sometimes goes on until originality of thought upon primary questions becomes so unaccustomed that it is regarded as madness and blasphemy. Of this the life of Christ offers us an apt example.

Now law is the arrangement and governance of human life according to certain accepted principles. But the validity of law depends upon its conformity to those principles. Yet the tendency of law, as of all things, is to become self-dependent; and when law becomes self-dependent, it inevitably departs from the principles to which it owes its validity. Then, lacking the fructification of its life-giving principles, law turns into tyranny.

Man, at his highest, is concerned with the discovery of those principles upon which law is based: at his lowest, he is concerned with the imposition of unprincipled laws. And as the discovery of ideal principles is an eternal quest, never wholly to be achieved but ever beckoning the soul of man to more complete understanding, it follows that law ever lags behind the needs of the human spirit, since, being by nature more and more constrictive, law moves in a concentric circle which is in direct opposition to the ever-widening flight of human understanding.

Thus it is that what we call revolution is a recurrent feature of

our life, happening in nature as often as spring follows winter; dreadful in its effects when law has become far removed from ideal principles, but beautiful in its manifestations when we are able to see the human spirit rising from the grave, laying aside the linen clothes and displaying its original glory in works that are its true expression.

Free-will and Destiny were the themes that engaged the minds of the men of the great age that came to an end about a century ago. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Rousseau and Voltaire, Goethe and Schiller thought deeply on these things and have left works of art which embody their thoughts. But among the most profound and incisive thinkers of that day was the little-known and less-recognised English engraver, William Blake,

*a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.*

His chief contribution to the subject was the work of which the foregoing pages are a facsimile: an imaginative credo which Swinburne praised as the greatest of all Blake's works, and upon which he concluded his generous, sincere, but still inadequate criticism by saying:

It were pleasant enough, but too superfluous, to dwell upon the beauty of this nuptial hymn; to bid men remark what eloquence, what subtlety, what ardour of wisdom, what splendour of thought, is here; how far it outruns, not in daring alone but in sufficiency, all sayings of minor mystics who were not also poets; how much of lofty love and of noble faith underlies and animates these rapid and fervent words; what greatness of spirit and of speech there was in the man who, living as Blake lived, could write as Blake has written.

Blake was an imaginative poet: he thought in images; the theme of Free-will and Destiny therefore presented itself to him in images—the images of Heaven and Hell. Ten or a dozen years before he had completed the work before us, he had given the world what is perhaps its most perfect image of Free-will—*Songs of Innocence*. A little later he followed this with an equally vivid image of man under the shadow of Destiny—the companion book

of child-like poems, *Songs of Experience*. About the year 1794 there first appeared the image of his synthesis of the contrary principles—*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

The book is undated, but it was undoubtedly written after the *Songs of Experience*. *The Songs of Innocence and of Experience* express Blake's ideas of good and evil as contrary states of the soul, and in many of the *Songs of Experience* (and more particularly in the experimental poems of the Rossetti MS., which Mr. Joseph Wicksteed has pointed out are Blake's rejected versions of the *Songs of Experience*) there is the bitterness and resentment we all experience in our first discovery of evil and its workings. When Blake came to write *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* this resentment had been transmuted by understanding. Now he understood that evil was not a condition imposed by some malevolent deity, but was a state of experience through which the soul of man passed, in order that, knowing good and evil, he might achieve a nobler state—one in which good and evil were surpassed—the condition Blake called Imagination, or Liberty. Hence we find that, while most of the *Songs of Experience* seem to have been written under the cloud that covers us when we see man as the child of Time, the sport of Circumstance, the victim of Fate, when we come to *The Marriage* the sky has cleared; the child is upon the cloud again as he was in the opening song of *Innocence*, or rather now perhaps above it, flying in the pure sun-illuminated ether. Blake has recovered happiness: the laughter of a man has superseded the smiles and tears of the child: Blake himself has embraced the fire of experience (like the Angel on page 24), has been consumed as its victim and arisen as the prophet of Imagination.

The only date to *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* that really matters may therefore be decided by this note of triumph. For it tells us that Blake has accepted Destiny. Henceforth his joy is in the conflict, neither weakly and cravenly cowering beneath the shadow of Fate, nor vainly and pitiably defying the figure of Omnipotence, but rejoicing in the "mental fight" which labours to "build Jerusalem." When a man has discovered the purpose of pain he has won the first victory of life.

Thus, with a variety of examples, *The Marriage* states the problem of dualism. Dualism is an inherent problem, unperceived prior to self-consciousness and thereafter never in this life entirely solved save in action. War, philosophy and religion are among man's efforts to solve the problem, efforts whose success is inevitably partial because in them consciousness is never wholly vitalised. But in art, as in the greatest moments of love, the human spirit becomes wholly incarnate: the purpose of Destiny and the desire of Free-will are, for a moment, synthetic; the contraries are married and the problem of dualism is solved. But only for a moment, an immortal moment which art perpetuates; such a moment as Blake himself had in mind when he wrote, "O that men would seek immortal moments! O that men would converse with God!" In art, and in the moments of consciousness which produce art, there is perfect harmony of spirit with matter, and that imperishable beauty is born which is the offspring of the marriage of Heaven and Hell.

This condition of unity, harmony and freedom from strife is man's most constant desire; yet his mortal life is conditioned by dualism, dissonance and conflict.

A moment's consideration will convince us that anything else is unthinkable. "Attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate are," as Blake says, "necessary to human existence." Take from us our conceptions of black and white, night and day, good and evil, riches and poverty, war and peace, and the mind flounders in formlessness, quickly to become a void. Which is to say that life is so wedded to progression that anything like permanently static conditions are to the human mind wholly inconceivable. Therefore religion divorced from social action becomes a metaphysic, philosophy a discussion about words, and war, pursued to its logical conclusion, passes from a trial of strength to a policy of extirpation. Only art, which is a marriage of the contrary principles, achieves a synthesis.

The philosophic Swedenborg had wandered off into the world of metaphysics, and Blake had followed him until he perceived whither he was being led. In *The Marriage* he brings Swedenborg to earth with a bump. He restates the problem of dualism. Sweden-

borg had announced that a new heaven was begun. Well and good, Blake seems to say; that it may take form and exhibit itself in perfection "the Eternal Hell revives." Swedenborg had embalmed the body of truth and laid it in a sepulchre, wrapping it in the folds of his own writings. But the tomb is empty; the linen clothes are folded up. Esau, the outcast, comes into dominion; for when religion is sterile "active evil is better than passive good."

The book, like all true works of art, is a product of its age and reflects in many details the time which brought it to birth. Men of genius are barometers of their times; but whereas the generality of men are responsive only in their external behaviour to the temperature and condition of their days, genius responds with an intensity which goes to the heart of human experience and gives forth a response that is universal and timeless in its application. Exactly what Swedenborg taught is no great matter to most people now; but Swedenborg as the image of the idealist, weaving out of the threads of his aspiration a passionless and static heaven and being compelled to turn a blind eye to the implications of predestination, is an eternal type that persists in all ages. The reverberations of the French Revolution have long since passed away; but the considerations it suggested to the mind of Blake are such as will concern us as long as good and evil or night and day continue. The altar to the Goddess of Reason has long since been removed from the church where it was set up in France; but the pride of man in his scientific evidences, and the elevation of these evidences to the position once held by Delphic oracles, remain. Events change, their causes recur. "A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth."

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell is rooted in indignation. That may seem at first an unprofitable soil in which to plant a great idea; but there are noble precedents for thinking it the best of all. If we cast our minds back to the sayings of an earlier prophet, we hear the same tones of indignation in the words, "Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!" When the life-giving virtue has gone out of the tree, fire is needed to burn it. When virtue has become a pall to cover the dead, living men will rise and rend it.

Blake saw what Jesus saw: the religious men of his day arrogating to themselves the grace of God; the irreligious exiled and cast out as those predestined to damnation. From the immediate damnation of hanging Blake saved such an one (Tom Paine, author of *The Rights of Man*) in September 1792, and his indignation with the bishop who set himself the task of showing Paine his wickedness is to be seen in almost every one of Blake's annotations to the bishop's tract.

Who does the Bishop call Bad Men? Are they the Publicans and Sinners that Christ loved to associate with? Does God Love the Righteous according to the Gospel, or does he not cast them off?

Virtue entrenched behind the bastions of law and order did not appear to the honesty-loving mind of William Blake as the same quality as that which evidenced itself in the person of the prophet who was taken prisoner at Gethsemane. If this sharp-shooting, sniping, head-hunting propensity was to be called "good," what name befitted an activity that was creative and ready at all times fearlessly to expose itself? "Evil" it seemed. So be it, argued Blake. Though the rôles of wolf and lamb are exchanged, their natures are not altered.

*Once meek, and in a perilous path
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death. . . .
Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility,
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roam.*

The way of the cross has become a primrose path adorned with vestments; hence the creative work of bringing life to barren places must be sought elsewhere. Driven out with disgust, the seeker after truth will seek it rather among the wild beasts of instinct than among the fat hirelings of religion. Moreover, there is thunder in the air, and when the storm breaks the sneaking serpent will need to seek shelter from the rain.

His indignation confessed, Blake laughed. He could not do otherwise. Self-conscious virtue, do what it will, remains a figure

of fun; and equally with his passionate indignation Blake's laughter has given immortality to this work. Satire is malicious unless it helps to restore proportion; but it is a noble servant of truth—a king's own fool, as Shakespeare knew—when by isolation it shows pretence to be devoid of everything that becomes a man. So the Angel is dragged round the Universe and riddled with conundrums, till, out of sheer admiration for creative energy, he forswears the pontifical and assumes the prophetic rôle. Blake's laughter is that born of strong assurance. It is the "firm persuasion" that removes mountains of folly. It arises from a faith and confidence in human nature which accepts and delights in the whole man, seeing in him, and not in his emasculated effigy, the image of the divine.

The book is essentially a study in contrasts. They begin on page 4, where accepted notions are given their contraries. Thereafter even the illustrations present contrasts, or are designed to show cause and effect. Page 5 shows the fall of Lucifer: the colophon to this chapter on page 10 shows the effect—the Devil teaching Experience, on his right, from his inspired writings, which Innocence, on his left, cannot see.

On page 11 the babe of Inspiration within the cave of the mind is nourished and cherished by the Earth (the woman's figure is that of the Matron Clay in *The Book of Thel*), and the Poetic Genius, in the person of Apollo, rejoices. This scene illustrates the text beneath it; but the colophon at foot presents us with a direct contrast—the babe of Inspiration fleeing in terror from the aged tyrant, who may be fittingly contrasted with the gentle mother above.

On page 14 the illustration is again of the text, and represents the resuscitation of the body by the soul, who appears, most significantly, coming on the flames of physical energy. The effect of this reunion of body and soul is to be seen on page 15, where the eagle of genius rises in aspiration bearing in its talons the unaspiring serpent, which may be taken to symbolise the purely instinctive life.

Page 16 depicts the Giants imprisoned in the dungeon of the five senses. The similarity of the design to No. 12 of *The Gates of Paradise* suggests a correspondence between the central figure

and Dante's Ugolino, "the Devourer", and we know that, whenever the five senses accept the imprisonment of materialism as the limit of the soul's capacity, a material deity, who is a devourer, reigns over them. The effect of the imprisonment of the senses is to be seen in the design at the end of the chapter, on page 20, where the Leviathan of materialism triumphs in the Sea of Time and Space.

Lastly, on page 21, the reborn soul arises in the sunrise of Eternity. On page 24 we get the contrast—Nebuchadnezzar eating grass like an ox, symbolising man in the state of nature.

Now that we have the book in facsimile, it is possible to appreciate the integral nature of these illustrations. Quite apart from their interpretive bearing upon the text, we see that the form of the work is undeterminable without them. As has already been shown elsewhere, the book consists of a poem as prologue, a prose argument composed in six chapters, and a song as epilogue. Blake indicates the beginning and end of these chapters by the use of designs as chapter-headings and designs as colophons. Each chapter (except possibly the first) consists of a succinct argument dogmatically stated, followed by an imaginative illustration of the argument in the form of a "Memorable Fancy."

Chapter i., opening on page 3, states the case. The illustration at the head of this chapter shows the soul bathing in the flames of energy ("good" finding its efficacy by immediate contact with "evil"), and that at the foot of this page, the result—the birth of the babe of Inspiration. The contraries proclaimed by the voice of the Devil on page 4 are really the application of the tenets of the previous page. The illustration below I read as the soul bearing the babe over the Sea of Time and Space, but now threatened by the dark angel of the body whose chained foot betrays his enslavement.

In chapter ii. (pages 5–10) Blake states his contraries to accepted notions of the first tragedy; then, by a "Memorable Fancy," he illustrates this text and demonstrates the creative nature of Hell, the "Proverbs of Hell" being of course a subsidiary part of this chapter.

In chapter iii. (pages 11-13) we have Blake's account of the origin of the Gods: they are the offspring, through the human mind, of the one true Man, the Poetic Genius; their abstraction by those who knew not this cause was the beginning of priesthood. The "Memorable Fancy" that follows again illustrates the preceding text by example. Here Blake severs himself from those who seek objective truth and asserts his belief in immediate inspiration from God. Practically he contends that those who are capable of mistaking factual truth for visionary or spiritual truth are incapable of "a firm persuasion of anything"; for their persuasion is of the nature of credulity, or the passive reception of impressions on the retina of the mind, and is therefore the very contrary of that dynamic mental energy which is faith.

Chapter iv. (pages 14 and 15) discusses duality from the standpoint of body and soul. The body is a means of communication, mortally indistinguishable from the soul, yet in the service of the soul. Correspondingly, printing is a means of communication, the body of inspired thought; and in the next "Memorable Fancy" Blake treats of the perpetuation of knowledge by means of infernal printing. In connection with this page 15 it is of interest to note that, in the nine copies of *The Marriage* now known to exist, the arrangement of the pages is almost always the same, but that in two instances page 15 is put in another order. The variations suggest that possibly this "Memorable Fancy" may provide an index to the contents of the book, and that the six chambers in Hell may correspond with the six chapters.

In chapter v. (pages 16-20) we come to the heart of the matter with the great contention between the Prolific and the Devourer, or, as they are called in the humorous and highly symbolic "Memorable Fancy," Devil and Angel. Here we have the real justification of active energy as against passive obedience. God acts in men: those who are creative do the works of God and fulfil the purpose of God; those who subject their energy to the restrictions of compliance frustrate the Holy Ghost within them.

Chapter vi. (pages 21-24) treats of spiritual freedom. Originality is the sign of freedom, as imitation is the badge of enslavement.

Jesus Christ is set forth as the embodiment of virtue in that he acted from impulse and not from rules.

Finally *A Song of Liberty* sums up the whole matter in a highly abstruse symbolic poem.

This note makes no pretence to offer more than the sketchiest guidance to the wealth of meaning contained in this book. Even were he aware of the sum of that wealth (which he certainly is not), the writer would not attempt to convert Blake's gold into the coinage of prosaic exposition: all that has been attempted may be regarded as a hint to budding prospectors; and this he would not conclude without a word of warning.

Blake is often the most humiliating of authors. If we approach him objectively and call upon him to hand over his meaning in response to our ordinary intelligent interest, he seems to be the very soul of evasion. Here and there amazingly bright ideas shine out: now and again some particularly forceful aphorism fairly takes the breath away; but this clarity only serves to show up what appears to be the Cimmerian darkness of his work as a whole; and, thwarted thus, we turn away from it, to salve our intellectual self-respect with such words as "mystic," "symbolic," "fantastical." And certainly, in response to the ordinary rude, stand-and-deliver demand of common-sense intelligence, Blake is the most elusive will-o'-the-wisp in literature; for the farther he is pursued along the line of deductive reasoning, the farther he leads the misguided reader into the bog of complexity and abstraction, till finally the unhappy victim finds himself saddled with some system of symbolism which has as little relevance to the true meaning of Blake as the Bacon controversy has to the enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Experience of this kind has probably occurred to every reader of Blake at one time or another; indeed, it is the almost invariable first effect. But there is another, and this other experience is alone sufficient to account for the perennial and ever-increasing interest he inspires.

Some happy turn of circumstance has made the reader's mind susceptible and sensitive: perhaps some soul-illuminating event

has occurred in his own experience. He opens one of Blake's books prepared to receive imaginative suggestions concerning truths of which he is already dimly aware: he looks at the designs, not as representations of fact, but as imaginative records of spiritual events. And lo and behold! every page dances with meaning. He is suddenly transported into a world vivid with understanding: obscurity melts away like morning mist, profound truths loom up on the horizon, undreamt-of unity appears, and what he sees he sees so clearly that his former bewilderment is incredible. It is indeed as if a film had fallen from his eyes. The "muddy vesture of decay" is for a moment shed, and the harmony of an immortal soul has become audible.

Blake's progress (unlike the Rake's) is from the known to the unknown: from the immediate facts of childish perception—the blossom, the lamb, the shepherd, the cradle, the village green—to the music of the spheres. He moves by imperceptible degrees through the veils of sense to matters of pure spiritual perception. Such movement defines the sublime. If we cannot follow him, let us at least abstain from deriding his bald head. Sympathy, intelligence and imagination will carry us in his wake far enough for delight; and those who adventure for themselves upon this journey may be assured that they will find as they go some of those things in Heaven and Earth which were beyond Horatio's philosophy.

According to the Grolier Club *Bibliography of William Blake*, edited by Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, only nine examples of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* are now known. The copy from which the present facsimile has been made is that now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge (Keynes, H), and has been reproduced by courtesy of the Syndics of the Museum and with the generous aid of Mr. Sydney Cockerell, the curator. The facsimile was made under the scrupulous eye of the late Mr. H. John Dent, whose patience and zeal in the task were of an order that would have met with the commendation of Blake himself. Those who know Mr. Dent's work, particularly such an example of it as the reproductions of the *Job* illustrations in the original edition of

Mr. Wicksteed's study, will lament with me that the foregoing pages should be the last to be approved by so fine a craftsman.

Turning again to the original, the paper upon which it is printed is watermarked 1825. Blake died on 12 August, 1827, so that this is the last copy of *The Marriage* he made and one of the last books he printed. There is no record of its original purchaser, but a second-hand publisher's advertisement affixed to the cover shows that it was at one time for sale at £6 6s. The fly-leaf has the autograph, dated 31 August, 1856, of "Richard Edward Kenrick," who was at one time Cambridge University Librarian and who bequeathed the book to the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Exactly how Blake produced his illuminated pages is not known.¹ It has been thought that he first wrote them in reversed script, but the examination of a single page will be enough to convince most people that this is improbable. What is known of the process is that the lettering and design appeared in reverse on a copper plate which had been treated with acid so that the ground was burnt away and the lettering and design left in high relief. From such plates Blake printed in inks that varied in colour according to the general effect he wished to produce, and the pages thus printed were afterwards tinted with water-colour. This was Blake's usual method and that adopted in the present instance; but at an earlier period, during the years he lived at Lambeth, he experimented most successfully with an original method of colour-printing in impasto and illustrated a number of his books in this way, including pages of at least three copies of *The Marriage*. In the water-colour copies the depth of tone varies considerably, and is roughly indicative of the time when the particular page was completed, the earlier water-colour copies being faintly tinted and those produced later being much more elaborately finished.

When Blake added these faint washes himself he achieved extraordinarily beautiful results; but the price at which he published his books in the early days, as well as the testimony of contemporary biographers, show that he sometimes left this part of the work

¹ For authoritative information on this subject, see Mr. Lawrence Binyon's *Engraved Designs of William Blake*, 1926.

to his wife whose efforts were not always successful, the colours being at times so crudely used that untouched copies are preferable. Later on, when Blake had abandoned the hope of making the printing and selling of his books a profitable enterprise, he produced single copies as unique works of art, and for these he asked roughly as many pounds as he formerly wanted shillings. The first copy of *The Marriage*, described as a "Quarto with 14 designs," was advertised on 10 October, 1793, by Blake himself as being for sale at 7s. 6d. In 1827 the price of *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (also originally listed at 7s. 6d.) was £5 5s. From which it will appear that the artistic merit of Blake's books depends very much upon whether he completed them himself. Happily the question does not arise in the present case.

Blake's method of printing not only left him free to vary the general impression of the finished book, it also afforded him scope for line-drawing and variation of actual detail; so that copies of any one work are never exactly alike: they always vary in treatment and often in actual content.

For instance, the outline of the ox's head which may be traced over the back of Nebuchadnezzar on page 24 does not appear in any other copy. One of the falling globes on page 5, the inky water at the foot of page 10, the cave effect on page 11, the clouds on page 15 and again on page 21, do not appear in most of the other copies; while, on the other hand, the words "Opposition is true friendship" appear clearly in some copies at the right-hand bottom corner of page 20; on page 21 of the Beaconsfield copy Blake inserted two pyramids which appear in the background on either side of the youth; and such a detail might be recorded as the varying positions of the feet of the girl in the right-hand bottom corner of page 3. In the Widener Library copy the feet are carefully redrawn so that the left ankle is in front of the right foot.

Of the nine copies, six are in America and three in England at the present time. I have not seen any of the American copies, but from the information most kindly sent to me by the American owners, and from the particulars given in Mr. Keynes's Bibliography, the following details may be gathered.

The copy formerly in the possession of Thomas Butts, Blake's friend and patron (Keynes, C), was one of those finished at Lambeth before 1800, as all the designs, after the second page, were done in impasto, the remaining pages being very slightly tinted. The printing is greenish-grey. Mr. Edward Newton informs me that the ornament between horse and man on page 5 looks like a gigantic red flower; that there is no cave effect on page 11, but a landscape with hills and a red and blue-green sky. Mr. Newton possesses a separate copy of this design. It bears the inscription:

*Death and Hell
Teem with Life,*

written beneath it in Blake's smallest hand. The Butts' copy was one sold at the British Red Cross Sale in London, April 1917, for £350.

Mr. W. A. White's copy (Keynes, B) is somewhat similar to the above, but printed in brown, and with a different arrangement of pages, the order being 1-3, 5-10, 4, 11, 14, 12, 13, 16-27, 15; but as the pages were not numbered by Blake, this order is probably incorrect. As the impasto designs of this copy had become darkened, in 1911 Mr. White sent the book to the late Mr. Littlejohn at the British Museum, by whom, he reports, the colours were finely restored.

The Beaconsfield copy (Keynes, E), probably bought from Blake by Isaac d'Israeli about 1794, is finished in water-colour with occasional touches of opaque pigment. It is printed in blue-green. This copy, formerly belonging to Mr. B. B. Macgeorge, is now in the possession of Mr. George C. Smith, jun., of New York.

The copy now in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York (Keynes, F), differs from the foregoing in being printed (in green) on both sides of the paper. (Blake printed four copies thus). The colouring is very delicate: the inscription at the foot of page 20 is clear, and there are other indications that, like the examples already described, it is an early copy. It was sold at Sotheby's in May 1892, and afterwards formed part of the famous Hoe Library.

George Cumberland's copy (Keynes, A) (formerly bound with *The Book of Thel* and *Urizen*) is similarly printed on both sides of

the paper, but in golden-yellow ink. It is a very delicately and beautifully finished copy, now in the possession of Mrs. Bancel La Farge.

The copy now in the Widener Library, Harvard University (Keynes, G), bears the watermark 1815. It is printed in red-brown: the arrangement of the plates 12-15 is 15, 14, 12, 13. The cave appears on page 11 and the clouds on page 15, as might be expected, this being a late copy. It previously belonged to Miss Amy Lowell.

The three copies in England are very different from one another.

That in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (Keynes, D), is an indifferent and practically uncoloured copy, printed on both sides of the paper in three shades of ink, red, brown, and green. The inscription on page 20 is of course clear. Bound up with it as frontispiece is the well-known design of "The Three Accusers," and the picture here bears the inscription, "Our end is come.—Published June 5, 1793, by W. Blake, Lambeth." Formerly in the Library of Francis Douce, it was bequeathed by him to the Bodleian in 1835.

An incomparably finer early copy, formerly John Linnell's (Keynes, I), is now in the possession of Mr. T. H. Riches. The lettering is inked over in various colours and the illumination is throughout beautiful. It shares with the Fitzwilliam copy the distinction of being finished with gold, but is printed on both sides of the paper. As flame is the distinctive colouring of the Fitzwilliam copy, pale green and gold dominate the Linnell copy: there is no comparison to be made between them, for these two examples happily represent Blake at his best in the early and late manners.

A LIST OF REFERENCES

- P. 1. Title. Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*, first published 1758. See also Blake's *Annotations to Swedenborg's "Divine Love and Divine Wisdom,"* 1798, the last note: *Heaven and hell are born together.*
Also to p. 56 of same work: *Good and Evil are here both Good, and the two contraries Married.*
- P. 2. Argument. cp. Isaiah xxxv. "Now the sneaking serpent," cp. *Tiriell*, last six lines. "Barren climes," cp. *the desert wild of The Little Girl Lost*, v. 2.
- P. 3. "Good is the passive . . ." cp. Blake's *Annotations to Lavater's "Aphorisms on Man"* (1788), No. 409: *Active Evil is better than Passive Good.*
- P. 4. The voice of the Devil. cp. *Ann. to Lavater*, last page: *There is a strong objection to Lavater's principles (as I understand them) and that is, He makes every thing originate in its accident: he makes the vicious propensity not only a leading feature of the man, but the stamina on which all his virtues grow. But as I understand Vice it is a Negative. It does not signify what the laws of Kings and Priests have call'd Vice: we who are philosophers ought not to call the Staminal Virtues of Humanity by the same name that we call the omissions of intellect springing from poverty.*
- P. 6. "This is shewn . . ." John xiv. 16. "And I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter."
- P. 7. "How do you know . . ." As the Editors of the *Clarendon Blake* point out, this is clearly a parody of Chatterton's
- "How dydd I know that ev'ry darte
That cutte the airie waie
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte
And close myne eyes for aie?"
- "Drive your cart . . ." Cp. *The Voice of the Ancient Bard: They stumble all night over bones of the dead.*
- "A fool sees not . . ." Cp. *The Gates of Paradise*, frontispiece:
- The Sun's Light when he unfolds it
Depends on the Organ that beholds it.*
- "The hours of folly . . ." Cp. *Milton*, Plate 30, lines 62-3:
- Every Time less than a pulsation of the artery
Is equal in its period and value to Six Thousand Years.*
- "If the fool would persist . . ." Cp. *Ann. to Lavater*, last page: *Every man's leading propensity ought to be call'd his leading Virtue and his good Angel.*
- P. 10. "Exuberance is Beauty." Cp. *Ann. to Lavater*, No. 532: *Beauty is exuberant, but not of ugliness, but of beauty; and if ugliness is adjoin'd to beauty, it is not the exuberance of beauty . . . how can Substance and Accident be predicated of the same Essence?*
- P. 11. "The ancient Poets . . ." Cp. *All Religions are One*, especially Principle 5: *The Religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation's different reception of the Poetic Genius, which is every where call'd the Spirit of Prophecy.*

Cp. also Lavater's Aphorism No. 341, which Blake marked with approval: "Call him truly religious who believes in something higher, more powerful, more living, than *visible* nature; and who, clear as his *own* existence, feels his conformity to that superior being" (Blake's italics).

"Thus men forgot . . ." Cp. *The Divine Image*, v. 5

*And all must love the human form
In heathen, turk or jew.
Where Mercy, Love & Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.*

Also its contrary, *The Human Abstract*, v. 6:

*The Gods of the earth and sea
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree;
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain.*

Also *The Four Zoas*, Night IX. lines 363-72: *If Gods combine against Man, setting their dominion above The Human form Divine*, etc.

- P. 12. "The Prophets." Cp. Blake's *Annotations to Bishop Watson's "Apology for the Bible"* (Nonesuch Blake, vol. ii., p. 164): *Prophets, in the modern sense of the word, have never existed. Jonah was no prophet in the modern sense, for his prophecy of Nineveh failed. Every honest man is a Prophet: he utters his opinion both of private and public matters. Thus, if you go on So, the result is So. He never says, such a thing shall happen let you do what you will. A Prophet is a Seer, not an Arbitrary Dictator.*

"discover'd the infinite in every thing." Cp. *Ann. to Lavater*, No. 630: *God is in the lowest effects as well as in the highest causes; for he is become a worm that he may nourish the weak. For let it be remember'd that creation is God descending according to the weakness of man; for our Lord is the word of God and every thing on earth is the word of God, and in its essence is God.*

"The voice of honest indignation." Cp. Isaiah xxxiv. 2: "For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations and his fury upon all their armies."

"this firm persuasion removed mountains." Cp. Matthew xvii. 20.

- P. 13. "by this he conquers enemies . . ." Cp. Psalm xviii. 31-50.

"Isaiah . . . naked and barefoot." See Isaiah xx. 2, 3.

"Ezekiel . . . eat dung." See Ezekiel iv. 12.

"is he honest . . ." Cp. Lavater's Aphor., No. 590: "He knows himself greatly who never opposes his genius"; upon which Blake comments, *Most Excellent!* Cp. also *Ann. to Watson* (Nonesuch Blake, vol. ii., p. 155): *Conscience in those who have it is unequivocal. It is the voice of God. Our judgment of right and wrong is Reason.*

- P. 14. "If the doors of perception . . ." Cp. Lavater's Aphor., No. 407: "Whatever is visible is the vessel or veil of the invisible past, present, future—as man penetrates to this more, or perceives it less, he raises or depresses his dignity of being." To which Blake adds: *A vision of the Eternal Now.*

"For man has closed himself up." Cp. *The Gates of Paradise* and *The Book of Urizen*.

- P. 16. Cp. with this illustration, *Earth's Answer*, v. 2:

*Prison'd on wat'ry shore
Starry Jealousy does keep my den,
Cold and hoar
Weeping o'er
I hear the father of the ancient men.*

"the Devourer." Cp. *The Gates of Paradise*, Plate 12.

"God only Acts and Is . . ." Cp. *Ann. to Lavater*, No. 630: *It is the God in ALL that is our companion and friend.*

Also *Ann. to Swedenborg's "Divine Love and Wisdom"* (Nonesuch Blake, vol. i., p. 120): *Think of a white cloud as being holy, you cannot love it; but think of a holy man within the cloud, love springs up in your thoughts; for to think of holiness distinct from man is impossible to the affections. Thought alone can make monsters; but the affections cannot.*

P. 17. "I came not to send Peace but a Sword." Matthew x. 34.

"The Antediluvians." Cp. "ancient men" of *Earth's Answer*, quoted above.

P. 20. The aphorism "Opposition is true friendship" is probably painted out on this page because according to Blake's annotation to Lavater's aphorism, No. 37, *Aphorisms should be universally true.*

P. 22. "The worship of God . . ." Cp. Lavater's Aphor., No. 549: "He who hates [altered by Blake to 'loves'] the wisest and best of men, hates [altered to 'loves'] the Father of men; for where is *the Father of men to be seen but in the most perfect of his children?*" (Blake's italics.) Blake's comment is: *This is true worship.*

Also to Aphorism 554 he notes: *Human nature is the image of God.*

P. 23. "Bray a fool in a mortar . . ." Proverbs xxvii. 22.

"If Jesus Christ is the greatest man . . ." Cp. Lavater's Aphor., No. 16: "The greatest of characters no doubt was he who, free of all trifling accidental helps, could see objects through one grand immutable medium, always at hand and proof against illusion and time, reflected by every object and invariably traced through all the fluctuation of things." Blake adds: *This was Christ.*

P. 24. "The Bible of Hell." On the back of a drawing Blake wrote as a title-page: "The Bible of Hell, in Nocturnal Visions collected, vol. i., Lambeth." Cp. the original title-page of *The Four Zoas*, which read: "Vala, or the Death and Judgment of the Ancient Man. A Dream of Nine Nights by William Blake."

P. 25. "The Eternal Female groan'd." Cp. illustration on p. 3.

"France rend down thy dungeon." The Bastille fell on 14 July, 1789.

"In her trembling hands . . ." Cp. illustration on p. 4.

v. 10. Cp. *The Gates of Paradise*, Plate 5 and the line *Blind in Fire with shield and spear.*

P. 26. v. 11. "The fire, the fire is falling." Cp. illustration on p. 5.

P. 27. "The lion and wolf." Cp. *The Little Girl Found*, last two lines.

Chorus. Cp. *The Human Abstract*, v. 5:

*And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.*

Also *Ann. to Swedenborg's "Divine Love and Wisdom"* (Nonesuch Blake, vol. i., p. 123): *The Whole of the New Church is in the Active Life and not in Ceremonies at all.*

"For every thing that lives is Holy." Cp. *Ann. to Lavater*, No. 309: . . . *mark that I do not believe there is such a thing literally (as hell); but hell is the being shut up in the possession of corporeal desires which shortly weary the man, for ALL LIFE IS HOLY.*

